

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

VOL. VII. NO. 2.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 300.

The Universal Strike.

Strike, workers, strike! Embrace all trades, all lands!
Your lowly place, Old System's rotten bands.
Invite you change for one wherein you find
No stunting force for body or for mind.

Strike, workers, strike! Aye, aye! for FREEDOM first!
You MUST succeed if slav'ry's chains, accurst,
You batter off and fling them rattling down.
Care not a straw for Power's appeal or frown!

Strike, workers, strike Authority's death blow!
His shams, and strength, and weakness boldly show;
His double face, his gross hypocrisy;
The blackness of "Blue Aristocracy!"

Strike, workers, strike! Aged Might's histrionic mask
Presume to rend! Though graceless be the task,
His tinsel strip, and hiss him from the stage,
And bravely dare his bluffing, howling rage!

Strike, workers, strike against "the powers that be!"
With "ropes of sand" they bind you merrily.
"Tis you, I say, can make them fall apart;
With FREEDOM's balm, cure ev'ry chafing's smart.

Strike, workers, strike! Not with a beastly lunge!
Prepare all crafts to make the fateful plunge!
Your backs to ghosts; they from the past are stalking!
Like freed men act! Away with sullen balking!

Strike, workers, strike! With purposeful intent!
Consult YOURSELVES! Let not your WILLs be bent
By dominance of bosses or of leaders!
They're proven, all, a host of shameless bleeders.

Strike, workers, strike for more than meagre wage,
Which may, the while, your stagnant lifeblood gauge;
A pittance, Might, reluctantly gives o'er,
Still driving you to multiply his store.

Strike, workers, strike for more than lessened hours
Of toil! Your rights? Full use of all your powers!
Your pay? THE EARTH! Ignore your one time masters!
Accept from them no promises, no plasters!

Strike, workers, strike! Then Poverty no more
On your advance shall slam and bar the door.
But name the hour, and, presto! ev'ry man,
Outcast, before, tears off the hated ban.

Strike, workers, strike! The Order of today
Is stale with age and foul with swift decay.
Will you still bow to worship ancestry,
When choice you have 'twixt Freedom, Tyranny?

Strike, workers, strike! If "might makes right,"—
why, see!—

There is no power that can more mighty be
Than ~~the~~ clainless clen self-consciously advancing
Oh! blissful truth! Is fiction more entrancing?

Strike, workers, strike! The world, if you but say it,
Is all your own. Use Custom but to flay it!
What can resist your free cooperation?
The Past is dead;—then welcome Innovation!

VIROQUA DANIELS.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 20, 1901.

A Timely Sermon.

The vanity of the professional classes is an endowment. It is nowhere so much encouraged as among the people who suffer its disdain. The power of the political class is everywhere based upon the good-will of its subjects. The priestcraft of the Church is the reverence of the parishoner on parade. You are robbed by your government. You are your government. You send lawyers to your legislatures to legislate for shoemakers and farmers. You elect millionaires to office to take care of the interests of the democracy.

You condone industrial systems founded upon robbery and then wonder that you are robbed. I am using a big you which is large enough to include myself. You take great pride in your institutions. What are these institutions? They rob their makers. They slander, traduce. They are embodied in treachery. Institutions by their very nature are parasitic. You stood with awe before the ballooned stocks the day after election. What did that mean to you? It does not make a pair of shoes easier to get. I often hear you growl about Wall Street. But you could finish Wall Street by a turn of your palm. You have just voted to put a soldier upon your back. You will soon put another damn into your quarrel with the tax list. Who made the tax list? The politician you accuse? No. Always you—you. This politician is the demurest sort of proposition. All his evil would melt the instant you became good [intelligent.-A. I.]. You promote a scoundrel into the public service and after you have had time to contemplate your work, go on like a madman in the interests of something you call reform. You even organize against your creature instead of organizing against yourself. You are innocent enough. Yet I see you lurking in every act of social trespass. You are powers behind thrones, plutocracies back of presidents. In the republic you are the danger. Rockefeller is only the symptom. You are the disease. You think you are so much more virtuous than the systems you have built up about you. But you are those systems. Your identity and theirs cannot be divorced. System? First you build them. Then you put them upon your backs. Then you play your Jack and Jill with Sinbad and compare notes to see which of you is most sinned against. I know the tyrannies ride you. But by whose permission? How much of time would you need for a dissolution of the tie that fastens you to the lockstep of an industrial slavery? The mine-owner has no such other friend as the miner. The autocrat of your mill is the millhand. The star tyrant is the populace. You are tremendous in power. But you are at least as tremendous in ignorance. You lament laws which dole bounties out to favorites. I know that the law was made by you and that you are the favorite of the law. You sit before your sparse dinner and ask God to relieve you of the burdens of your poverty. Instead you should thank God that the faces of your children are emaciated and that you have not enough to eat. I do not blame you for your ignorance or for your misfortune. But as you are yourself your ignorance and your misfortune I cannot consent to take either load off your shoulders and put it elsewhere. You have just had your big strike up at the mines. My heart was with you. You got your ten per cent. You perhaps got also some few other paltry things. But you did

not get rid of the system which makes your slavery necessary. That is, you did not get rid of a certain something in yourself behind which the subtleties of exploitation operate and flourish. You have condoned all fraud by continuing to defer to the causes that provoke it. If your children are sent to work instead of to school, it is for reasons whose roots are back in you. Of course they should not go to work. Of course they should be clothed and fed. So should you prosper and have enough for emergencies and some surplus for esthetics. I do not see that all the virtue is on one side of this fight. You presume, you in homespun, that the man in broadcloth is your better. You admit that he knows more when you expect more of him. But I can assure you that good clothes as well as bad may hide ignorance and sloth. You do him too much honor and too little. You do him too much honor in ascribing to him qualities he does not possess. You do him too little when you insist that he knows his failing but will not root it out. The broadcloth gentry on the whole is about where you are on the whole in average development. He knows little enough. His English may be better and his sense less. The average mechanic has far more essential intelligence and learning than the average tradesman. But who more than the masses encourage the idea that brains go with clothes and with chatter? The average men are the creators of all the beautiful and useful things of which these talkers brag. Yet the creator gets down into the dust before the bragger. Creation will last into eras that brag can never reach. Why should you get down on your marrow and ask the braggers to stop bragging? Would it not be better to make it impossible for him to brag? How? By laughing him down. He cannot stand your laugh. He can survive your outright denunciation, but he cannot outlast your cheery ridicule. "Our" civilization, the boasters call it. The boasters, who are the keepers of that civilization. You contribute all the factors. Yet it is you whom these very men regard as unsafe. You are the mob. The mob makes them. Then they denounce the mob. Worst of all, the mob accepts the slap on its cheek. You make your masters. Then the masters efface you. Not a wheel turns in a factory, on a railroad, but by your faith and sacrifice. But you rarely travel. You wear rough and shoddy. You live in purlieus of towns and country plots far off the road. You have my sympathy. Every time I see your face I am your resworn ally. Yet I do not see what I can do for you which you cannot better do for yourself. With your will and wit striking fire at the same moment and place how would the pestering trespassers fly into their shadows! But when I have your will I do not seem to have your wit and when your wit is awake your will

is lethargic. You make a devil of a fuss over elections. I do not know that elections are ever very important. But they become ridiculous when you convert them into a chief instrument for your enslavement. In nine cases out of ten in elections you vote for some special interest. It may be the interest of some politician or your own, but it is a special interest and against the common weal. You do not care who is hurt so you are helped. You do not say it in just that way. But every time you appeal to your pocket or your dinner pail you act with reference to a caste distrust. Then the blow comes back to you upon some incident of indirection. Then you imagine yourself the victim of an oppressor. Do you not suppose the politicians know how easy it is to work you? They are never deceived enough to suppose they can do anything without your aid. But they know how to use you as an ally to prosper their personal fortunes. They accept the scoundrel and the ignoramus in you as their one sure source of power. You imagine that somehow the masters have been imposed upon you or have imposed themselves upon you. Not so. They are an evolution. They are here in accordance with a law of social being whose beginnings are deposited and persistent in you. Once in the humor you will summarily dis sever the connection. The masters will know this must be their knell. I am never nearly so much angry with the masters who use you as with you who consent to be used. How long would wars last if the masses refused to enlist? You fight every war and pay all its bills. You may have had nothing to do with the original quarrel. But as soon as the war is begun all its responsibility is put upon you. What fools you are. You sweat in cities in order to give other people vacations. You freeze at your loom in order to clothe a man who never in his lazy life worked one honest hour. In faint and fever you work the ovens of bakeries and go home to a house short of bread. The sources of free life, the fountainheads of opportunity, have been alienated. How will the errant energies be brought back? How will you renew your native plight, reserving henceforth to the men who make the beauty and magnificence of our world the full joy of its treasure? Let no arid argument of supply and demand canter forth its sordid array. Statistics that theorem your reaction break the thin edges of their own content. We will add everything to supply. Demand will disappear. No one will be dispossessed. All will possess. Possession shall be conditioned upon a universal bond. With a world fruited for all no one must go unfed. With enough energy wasted or fallowed to revivify every despoiled social aspiration we are pirates and marauders to erect an accumulation of property anywhere against the free access of the normal man. I would not take one picture from your walls or one dish from your table. But I am eager to have the next tide more benevolently bequeath its overflow. It would take the eye of miracle to discover in the partisoidal fabric of present applied knowledge in sociology an attested civilization. You know you have not dealt your cards on the square. Civilization owes all an open hand. Our symbol is a clenched fist. The counter currents of being shift into pools

and shallows in which volition is impossible. You are not free. High or low you are not free. High alone or low alone could not be free. With freedom high and low disappear. What have you made of your Churches? Every one is a ghostly monument to a lost opportunity. The Church does not lead nor even walk abreast contemporary struggle. It follows on, dragging along a useless hulk of old apologetics. Spiritual law has deteriorated to stratagem. What have you made of your Jesus? You have indeed given your Jesus to the street. The only Jesus conformable to the historic Jesus is the Jesus you will not have in your Churches on any terms. What have you done with liberty? Little of it was yours. Is that little to be thrown away? The trust has not quite been violated and not quite been kept. You have obeyed its impetus and hesitated before its logic. Liberty? No man knows what it is. It passes across history in waves, nowhere left all in all to one race or occasion, yet everywhere scattering evidence of its overwhelming inspirations. How much of you is safe while so much of you is spent in deeds of trespass? Our social organization is in sworn compact against natural talent. For a single talent released and protected a thousand talents are squandered upon a sordid necessity. We have never yet given the earth chance to flower. Industry is in a tangle of fixed strife. Class ambitions prevail over the unified ideal. You sneak into byways and take counsel of corners and caves. You do not proudly assert a right to live. Who among you, exempt, will question the thoroughness of your sequestration? Your democracy is now playing hide and seek with despotism. It is trifling with knives that cut and treacheries which dig graves. Whose is the default? Again I say, do not accuse your politicians. The guilt is nearer your household. The word made crime is the utterance of your lips. Of what use is your surnamed republic if it be only an echo of old mockeries under a fairer name? You vote in hordes, you are pocket servants, you crawl gratefully into pens, you are piped obediently to a death watch. You are creatures of courts and legislatures, allowed to survive in the twos and fours of political privilege, doing the honors of serfdom, without a decent chance to rear your children, shut off from light in noisome areas of denied solidarity. What have you managed to convalesce from the fever of your dubious democracy? When you speak of this as a free country you must do it with your eyes shut and your ears closed. The freedom that stops with the one in three and three in one of our rent-interest-profit systems has lost its scent. You are creeping on the ground. You are feeling your sad way across barren fields. You are trembling over an abyss. The experiment of your democracy is scarcely entered upon before crunched in the jaws of commercial and colonial appetite. It has all the ear marks of a premature birth. Must freedom sleep for another thousand years? Who is its custodian? You. You. You. Its custodian not as a law imposed upon another, but as a law for yourself. As your trust it offers you daily chances to expiate your sins against the humanities. Are you prepared to go without compromise or fear to the outlying perils of

democracy or are you eager or are you ready to retreat into some costering paternalism of restraint? It is of no consequence what wages you earn or what percent your investments yield. But it is of every consequence what sort of liberty you believe in and how ready you are to have it fully enjoyed. You need liberty if your whole income must be because of it disappear. You ask yourself: Can I afford to pay the price of liberty? Yes: you can afford to pay any price for it. Liberty does not mean some vague right to vote. It means a state of being whose privilege keeps every opportunity open and every individual in condition to embrace it. I do not see how we can hide from the sight and sound of this call. It finds us everywhere. It penetrates all the reserves and mysteries of observation and experience. It persuades the individual into open ways. It recasts habit in sweeter articulations of camaraderie. The sort of man now in process of enfranchisement would rather be an outright freebooter than one who plots in secret. He is getting more and more to see that his worst crimes are farthest hid from the law. He knows the purity crusades are humbug. They are shallow waters where deep belong. They give undue importance to gutters and sewers and to offenses of the body and to passional defects. They miss the underlying material in which civilization grades down and up past and through all constituents of shame and glory. To the new spirit there is no alien, no domestic. You are as much at home oversea as next door and as far from home round the corner as in the deserts of Africa. Every bit of you is shaken and seized by the universal appeal. You are led forth from homesteads to home, far out of isolation into love. Now you are all living alone for single ends. Then you will none of you live alone and no one be satisfied with ends not seen in their convergence. Now you are only hurt when your own body is struck. Then you will feel a blow wherever it falls and whoever may be the victim. Now you take all that comes your way without question. Then you will question everything. Now you throw all your art into the highway and invite men to scramble and murder for it. Then you will treasure your art—your art painting pastures or making shoes—as you would the sacred symbols of a religious covenant.—Horace L. Traubel, in *The Conservator*.

In Memoriam.

Let all the sycophants of the world who shed crocodile tears over the demise of the "good" queen Victoria, remember that it was this same "good Christian" queen who allowed one of the blackest crimes in the annals of history to be perpetrated under her reign. In the year of 1838, an engraver and his wife and four children, the youngest one of whom being only five years old, were hanged in England for the relatively small offense of counterfeiting and circulating English money. At the trial of this family it was shown that the man was in the government employ, but was in dire want because the rotten government—just as our own recently in the case of the poor school teachers—had withheld his salary. He had simply been trying to get enough money to take him to

America. When he was sentenced to death, the man petitioned the queen to at least spare his innocent family; but this "good Christian" queen, who had then only been on the throne a few months and certainly could have averted this black crime, preferred to load her conscience with the butchery of a poor, five year old babe.

Shame upon the sycophants who feign sympathy with such a beast! S. D.

A Retrospect and a Speculation.

PART II.

We are now passing through a period of so-called "prosperity," which has many unique and remarkable features. Owing to the great demand for all kinds of manufactured products, the enlivening of trade and commerce, and the great activity in mining ventures, all kinds of business are on a "boom." Work seems more plentiful than for years past (and as work seems to be what the masses of the people want they ought to be satisfied); and nearly all who care to work are receiving some kind of wages; so that the "dinner pail" is for the present quite full—of something; while the profits of merchants, manufacturers, etc., are larger than ever. Vast fortunes, especially in mining the precious metals, are being built up with a rapidity which is simply astounding. The speculative values of real estate are rapidly rising; buildings are going up; and improvements are being made everywhere. But we know from experience that this condition of things cannot last long; and it requires no prophet to see that a collapse must come. The people are producing wealth at an enormous rate, far in excess of their purchasing power and power of consumption. In fact, the ratio between production and consumption is now greater than ever before, owing to the cheapening of production on the one hand, and the low wages paid for labor on the other. When the crash comes, therefore, it is reasonable to expect that it will be more severe and disastrous than any we have ever experienced. Then we will again have the spectacle, as we had in '92 and '93, of tens of thousands of people unable to find work, hungry and homeless, sleeping on the floors of public buildings, and begging for shelter at the police stations. Then also labor and social disturbances will once more become almost every day occurrences; and all kinds of radical and semi-radical movements will receive another and a greater "boom" than in the past. Perhaps under those conditions very serious labor conflicts may arise; and there may be a great revolt of the working people, once more filling "the prophets of the New Day" with hope. Although these events will go far toward educating the people and preparing them for a better form of society, they will not of themselves be sufficient to convert the masses; and unless something else intervenes, I think we may reasonably expect that the masses will once more lapse into conservative channels.

The more carefully I study the social question in all its bearings, the more I become convinced that unless some very extraordinary event or series of events takes place, the whole race is doomed to revert to the worst forms of barbarity, and perhaps to utter annihilation. The rapid increase of

crime, of insanity, of idiocy, and of the number of people dependent in various ways upon charity; the weakening of the race by vicious habits, the taking of drugs and narcotics, and the spread of infectious diseases; the vast and ever widening gulf between the rich and the poor; the enormous concentration of wealth, constantly being augmented; the indifference of the great masses of people, their slavishness, sluggishness and apparently growing cruel and vicious tendencies—the latter exemplified by the cold-blooded savagery displayed in torturing and burning ravishers in this and other States;—all these things appear to me to be good evidence that in some respects the race is rapidly degenerating. Fortunately there is another and a brighter side. So far as is known, in no period of the world's history have science and practical philosophy been so active as at present. Never has there been so much unrest, so much discontent with economical and social conditions. Never has there been so much inquiry and investigation along lines indicating promise of a better life. Never have so many people been known to study and investigate ideas of radical reform. All this is very hopeful and promising. It shows that there are two forces at work in society, corresponding, perhaps, to the two forces—centrifugal and centripetal—in the physical universe; and although it seems to our limited intelligence that while one works for good, the other acts the very reverse, as a believer in progress and in the ultimate working out of the law of harmony, I am inclined to think that out of these two forces will be evolved something—a force or law—tending to harmonize all our disturbed social and economic relations; something that will make it easy and natural for us to embrace some form of Socialism; something that may possibly compel us to establish a form of society more compatible with the ends of justice.

I have sometimes thought that this may be brought about through mechanical processes and inventions. More than twenty years ago I clipped from a leading scientific journal an article (which I still have) predicting the possibilities of scientific research and discovery (many of which have come partly true), and ending with the statement that it was not at all unlikely that, before the end of the century, mechanical inventions would be introduced, which would compel the people of this country to adopt political and economic forms very similar to those advocated by the Socialists of that time. How many of us have tried to realize what changes successful navigation of the air would bring about in our social and economic life? To save labor, to annihilate distance, to shorten time—these are the ends of scientific investigation. Aerial navigation would accomplish all these to a wonderful degree. The inquiring and speculative mind can easily find other evidence of man's creative genius, which would work remarkable changes. It is not unreasonable to suppose, then, that the social question, taken in its large sense, may be partly solved by this agency; and that this is a factor which cannot be ignored by radicals in their work of propaganda.

But there is still another element or factor, which I know has been almost entirely over-

looked by radical thinkers, and which I have hesitated to mention, because of its seeming vagueness and improbability. It is in the realm of mind, and is being exploited to a greater or less degree by all students of psychology and psychic phenomena. The power of the human mind has never been understood; it is not now; but enough is already known (and more is being discovered every day) to assure us that a great world of thought and power is being opened to us, and that through the power of human thought, agencies may be set in motion, which will actually change or modify our social and other institutions and our manner of life. Already the sect of Christian Scientists, ridiculous as it may seem, although not yet a quarter of a century old, numbers more adherents than the Episcopal denomination in this country; and the number of people professing kindred doctrines, all having their foundation on mental and psychical research, is increasing very fast indeed. Man is sadly out of place in making laws. His highest prerogative is to discover those laws which already exist, and to apply them to the satisfaction of his various needs and desires; and this should be his noblest ambition.

The above random thoughts are thrown out to teach patience and forbearance, and above all, to stimulate hope for the future. Despite the fact that conditions are so bad, and may be a great deal worse in the near future, we should not lose hope or courage. We have enlisted for the fight against plutocratic greed, be it short or long; and although our efforts may seem puny and impotent now, they will be crowned with complete victory later on. However the change may be brought about, we still are indispensable factors in the working out of the plan of salvation. As Lawrence Gronlund aptly said, "We Socialists are the salt of the earth"; and of course Anarchists are included in the elect. The times are pregnant with bright promise for us and for all mankind. Let us press on, then, doing what we can to enlighten our fellows, and trust the future to evolve ways and means to work out our redemption. WM. HOLMES.

I do not think there is such a thing as crime, as used in the ordinary sense. These men in jails are not criminals. They are men who have found themselves in that position where all opportunities of obtaining subsistence in an honest way are closed to them. They are not criminals because they are forced to reach out for something to sustain life, of which they have been deprived in a community where a few men control everything.

Every time the trusts in Chicago raise the price of meat, they send a certain number of poor people to the penitentiaries and jails. Every time they raise the price of oil they turn numbers of poor girls from honest labor out upon the streets. The men who cause this ruin are the only ones who can be guilty of a real crime and a crime that is worth considering. Australia, like America, was originally settled by outcasts and adventurers. In one generation they were building churches and hiring police for themselves.—Lawyer Clarence S. Darrow.

FREE SOCIETY.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Correspondents and exchanges will please take notice, and charge our temporary address, 1360 N. Rockwell St., to 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill. Some of the mail continues to be sent to 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Cal. It is important that this should be changed immediately, in order to avoid trouble and annoyance.

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Notes.

In removing the paper to Chicago, delay has been caused both in issuing the paper, and in attending to correspondents and orders for books. We are now established in our new home, and as soon as the business now on hand is caught up with, there will be no more delays. All correspondence, and orders for papers and books will receive prompt attention.

We desire to get acquainted with all of our comrades in Chicago; and we hope that they will call upon us and make themselves known.

Note and Comment.

The railroad, telegraph, steamship, and banking monopolies—all private monopolies—thrive and fatten at the expense of a government that is too cowardly to follow the example of some of the oldest European monarchies in the matter of public ownership of railways, telegraphs, etc. Think of a free republic, "of the people, by the people and for the people," that is afraid to try government ownership of public utilities! Well, now aren't we a "progressive" people?—*Oregon Independent*.

Of what avail is it to the workingmen of "the oldest European monarchies" that the governments own the railways, telegraphs, etc.? Has this fact improved the condition of the wealth-producers? Not in the least; and "progressive people" know that it is the system of private property and commercialism which fleeces the laborer, no matter what palliative measures may be introduced. It is strange that the American sovereign should have to strive for legislative measures which have been introduced even in Russia years ago.

Russia, an absolute monarchy, has abolished capital punishment long ago, except in cases of conspiracy against the czar and his family, while the people in a "free country" clamor for the re-establishment of the death penalty, in those States in which more or less intelligent legislators have had this barbarous law repealed. Here again, "progressive

people" are aware of the fact that punishment does not decrease crimes. To the extent that the conditions of a people are ameliorated, so-called crimes against property diminish. Rape and similar vices are due to restraint and the teachings of a perverted morality. Abolish the causes which produce these crimes, and your judges and jurors will be out of employment.

Another significant sign of the progressiveness of the American people is the lamentations over the death of an old woman, simply because she happened to wear a crown, and the adorations of King Edward VII. But there is still hope when young Americans feel the degradation of such a servile attitude, as the following lines, taken from a private letter, will show:

The queen is dead! What do you think of what our American papers say about the event? What a mockery! The flags on some buildings here in San Francisco are still half-mast. The State legislature adjourned "out of honor to the memory of Queen Victoria, the noble and virtuous, constitutional sovereign." The U. S. Senate deploras the death of her majesty; McKinley brags about being the first to send a message to King Edward VII., who is one of the worst gamblers living, and will soon die of dissipation; although he says he is going to devote the rest of his life to faithfully performing the arduous duties which have befallen him by inheritance through the death of his mother. Poor fellow, I really pity him. Perhaps he cannot or dare not go to the races as he used to. He has really sacrificed himself to serve the people of England.

If the Revolutionists of '76 could see how their posterity is acting at the death of an English ruler—a figurehead! I think they would turn in their graves. It might be very appropriate on the next fourth of July to decorate with Queen Victoria's picture, where heretofore they have had Washington's; for this country is really not far from being an English colony.

A. I.

President Perkins of the Cigarmakers' International Union, and other labor leaders, are reported as classing Mrs. Nation, the Christian temperance saloon smasher, with Parsons and Spies, and as being just as "dangerous to society." "The weak-minded workingman," says he, "who has been wronged by his employer will not go into court to obtain redress. He will take an ax and smash his employer's property." Mr. Perkins, I suppose, is an intelligent man. He has been in the labor movement a long time, and for a number of years has been the chief officer of the Cigarmakers' Union and editor of their journal. That he should display such ignorance of the labor movement as to compare Mrs. Nation to Parsons, I cannot understand. He certainly knows better, but, like the politician who is playing for public favor, squeamishly panders to the common prejudices against new ideas.

"Children," he says, "hearing their parents praise Mrs. Nation, lose their respect for law." Indeed, Mr. Perkins, and that is very much to be deplored! What a terrible calamity would befall the country if children should fail to revere the flag, shiver when they see a policeman or refuse to bow meekly before the august person of an alderman, and if men refused to go into courts for redress! Suppose instead you had said: "Laws are

the written expressions of the will of the ruling class, and the weapons which it uses to rob the cigarmakers and all other workers of the product of their toil to the point of starvation, and no self-respecting man or child, none but a slave, a willing slave, would respect such laws, or ask redress from the courts created by that same class for the specific purpose of enforcing them." If you had said that, you would be expressing a truth no man who understands the movement you claim to represent will deny.

When cigarmakers have a grievance, they do not go into court to ask redress: they know better. They take the matter into their own hands; they become outlaws; they strike! And when they pace up and down the street, in front of their employer's "property," to acquaint other cigarmakers with the situation, they are ruthlessly cast into jail for interfering with their employer's "business" of starving wage-slaves; and that by the courts where you would have them ask redress, and in execution of the law you want their children to respect. Need I inform you that labor unions and strikes are unlawful according to the "conspiracy laws" of this and other States, and that the best of authority may be shown for the prevention of any labor convention whenever our masters want to prevent them? It is not so very long ago that to be a member of a union in England, the home of capitalistic liberty, was an offense punishable by death; and in spite of such penalty labor unions existed and were "dangerous to society." But the fertile mind of the master class soon discovered a way to remove that danger. They recognized the unions by law and made their "leaders" members of parliament. In this country special places are created for them in the government. The "respectable," conservative, law-worshipping "leaders" are the favored ones, and the competitors miss no opportunity to demonstrate their fitness for the job. If Perkins is such a lover of law and courts as he pretends to be, he had better leave the labor movement at once, and join the law and order society; for the labor movement was conceived, born and raised in lawlessness, and will continue a lawless institution until it ceases to be of value to the laborer. J. F.

Revolution.

Society must change—nearly every one concedes that. Present institutions and systems are out of tune with the enlightenment and requirements of the people. What is to come next? And how will the change come? Will it be a sudden, violent wide-spread upheaval, a breaking up that will leave a mighty chaos out of which better conditions must be formed? Or will the change be a slow growth, a gradual breaking away from bad old customs, evil beliefs, unjust institutions, while the better systems, larger liberty, the greater ideals, steadily but surely develop among the people?

No one can tell. Yet most good people will say that the latter course is most desirable, and sincerely hope that the world may

be spared the terrible convulsions of a general, violent revolution. It seems most generous, most humane to hope thus. But there is another way to consider the question.

We will suppose that there once existed an island, strongly fortified, surrounded by terrible rocks, armed and guarded until it seemed well-nigh impregnable. Inside, it was known, there were people slowly starving to death; some on an insufficient nourishment were worked to the point of exhaustion until they died. There were little children being slowly ground to death in hideous mills; there were various other ways of killing people called "legal," and no one was ever secure from suffering.

The strangest part of it all was that most of the people there, both victims and masters believed in the righteousness or the inevitableness of their methods, and would not admit that anything better could be devised that would be "practicable."

Some people who knew of the state of affairs on this island earnestly and sincerely desired to remove the wrongs of this dreadful place. They entertained various plans by which they were sure they could accomplish this. One faction argued that the people there could be taught that their customs were cruel and wicked, and that higher and better conditions could be developed some time in the future—two or three hundred years perhaps. Meanwhile, the jails would finally rot down, the whips would become broken, the gates of the storehouses would decay and fail to keep the necessities of life away from the needy, and in time, things would naturally and easily right themselves. Anyway, if the walls, gates and chains did not rot away, the finally enlightened and educated people would not allow their use.

The other faction urged that there was no time to be lost in waiting. The suffering was steadily going on; the children were being ground up; the women were starving and being degraded; the men were being turned into wild beasts and were breeding wild beasts. Something must be done.

"But what?" the others answered, with a query. "If you kill the masters, more masters will quickly be put in their places. If you destroy the prisons, gallows, iron gates and chains, the very victims themselves will fight you and build more. Wait until they all learn that it is best not to use such things at all, and then no matter how many of them exist they will be harmless."

"But while they exist they will be used. Power ready at hand will be abused. We will destroy the machinery by which all this is done, forever, every wheel and pulley."

"But what will you put in its place? The people must have something."

"If they think so, they will have it. But if they once learn that they can live free, without want or suffering, in the absence of the machine, they will not build it again."

"But think of the terrible agony, the suffering of the innocent, if you take this island by violence?"

"That may be. A short, terrific struggle, a mighty convulsion, and the long, lingering wretchedness is over forever. Is it not more merciful?"

"Yes, if the long, lingering wretchedness is done away with forever," answered the opposition softly, as in awe. L. M. H.

Jesus and Anarchy.

Prof. Geo. D. Herron is delivering a series of lectures on "The Economics of the Kingdom of Heaven" to the largest Sunday audiences in Chicago.

The kingdom of heaven, as pictured by this able man, is a most beautiful portrayal of the highest and most idealistic state of society conceivable—Anarchist-Communism. Freedom and love are the things for which he pleads with all the force of his clear and logical mind; and these, he maintains, are inseparable, in fact, one and the same thing, on final analysis. The word love has been despoiled and enfeebled by the pietist and novelist, and must be redeemed to its rugged and elemental use. "All the fierceness and gentleness of animal instinct and human spirit, the light and tragedy of nature, the color and passion of history, are wrapped up in the word love." Speaking of the individual, he says:

It is not important that I have a good name or be well thought of; it is not important to know many things—the thing of importance is that I make my life a Communion with the fundamental principle of my being, and that is the love principle.

We are never really free until we have given the leadership of our life to the very highest within us, so that we and it are one, committed to each other at all risks and at all costs, eager to die and rise together as often as need be or without end. This is likewise true of the collective life, where we fail of social truth and freedom because society has not the faith to take risks.

But it must take risks, cast off its hypocritical cloak of conservatism, or be swallowed in the maze of its own corruption. The professor is sanguine that rather than to be wiped out—and it is evidently no part of the great cosmic scheme that it shall for some few millions of centuries—society will tear down its barriers of law, strike the shackles from its mighty feet; crumble to dust the institutions its ancestors built for its enslavement; step out boldly into the open field of liberty, enshrine the sublime, invigorating essence of love, and with the great arms of brotherhood embrace the earth. Then, what will happen? Let the professor answer:

Society constituted by the love principle could thus be nothing else than a universal and indiscriminating Communism of production and distribution and of every kind of culture and opportunity. Not because Jesus has thought this out or said it in so many words, but because it is the way the universe is constituted; it is the way God or nature acts. Life always expresses itself in the indiscriminate and Communistic way when it is free, and it can become free only by so expressing itself. No society is wholly just or fully free until it has resourced each individual with all the love forces and love materials which the universe may be made to produce by Communistic production.

The divine right of human need will be the sole distributive law of the Christ society, and there will be no question of how much one shall have above another any more than there is a question of how much air one shall breathe above another. The whole world product will belong to each man according as he has need, and each man's life product belongs to the world society.

There will be no thought of profit or wages or of competing interests; for each man's reward and joy will be the service he can render, and his freedom and power will consist in doing nobly and beautifully the things he likes to do. A universal love commonwealth of free and mutual service in which each knows no gain except the utmost living out for the whole of the innermost possibility of being and in which the whole knows no collective life except the development of the freest and almightiest love individuality in each. This is the kingdom of heaven in society.

Jesus is his ideal man, and, indeed, seen as

he sees him, no more perfect individual need be wished for. Jesus, he says, was an Anarchist, and suffered and died a martyr to the cause; and that he is trying to elucidate and redeem his simple life and teachings from the superstitions of a barbaric, corrupt Church, which he charges with trying to monopolize God.

All priestcraft and authority must go, and he is sufficiently conversant with the situation to know that "when the industrial priest goes, the religious priest will go also." And that "by its own efforts the common life must release itself from slavery."

Speaking of the religion of the future, he says: "Freedom will generate its own religion." For "with the passing away of authority, truth for the first time will have a chance."

He speaks of Socialism only as a road over which to pass on the way to the ultimate goal, or "the kingdom of heaven," which he says is an Anarchist-Communitic relation in society.

Prof. Herron has, no doubt, drawn much of his inspiration from the simple, rebellious character depicted in the gospel allegory of Christ, and having infused his own large, lofty spirit into the story lent new life to it, never before revealed to anyone. There is much to be learned from the story of Christ. A thorough disregard for the accumulation

of riches is essential to the proper conception of high ideals. The life of Christ teaches that—when we can get the original story. But the professor has unquestionably a big job on his hands to rescue Jesus from the two thousand years of Churchianity which engulf him. Yet, if anyone is capable of it, he certainly is. His sincerity and convincing powers are beyond question; his oratory is good, and his forceful, earnest expression imprint his thoughts deep in the minds of his hearers. But the wisdom of going back into the mists of tradition for a model man, around whose life to build a society for the future, may be seriously questioned. The grave has ruled us long enough. If we must have a model to copy after, let us take some man who lives today, for no man who ever lived in the past can be as wise as those who live now. Yet we have no need of models. Truth is what we want; and no individual ever embodied all the truth of his own age, not to speak of 2,000 years ago. Jesus and Socrates may have been good philosophers in their day, and no doubt they were, but that is no reason why we of today should appeal to them to lend their approval to our ideals. If we have not sufficient faith in our own philosophy, if we do not think it strong enough to walk alone without being carried about on the shoulders of Jesus, Marx or Proudhon, we had better wait until we have sufficient faith in ourselves and the ideals the present stage of economic and social development suggests.

Geo. D. Herron is a greater man than any and all of the sixteen crucified saviors of which we have some record,—why, then, does he appeal to any of them to sanctify his philosophy? It may be good policy to bait it with Jesus' name and call it the "kingdom of heaven"; but I question even that, for those who are so timid as to fear the touch of anything which has not descended from Mount Calvary, need to be jostled about

by the trusts before they are fit for a free society. I am not prepared to say how far, if at all, policy enters into his methods, but I do most earnestly appeal for more of Geo. D. Herron and less of a crucified savior.

JAY FOX.

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 "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

When kings are tried and executed like Charles I., Louis XVI., Maximilian of Mexico, or killed in a palace conspiracy like Peter III., Paul, and all kinds of sultans, shahs, and khans, the event is generally passed over in silence. But when one of them is killed without a trial, and not by a palace conspiracy, like Henry V., Alexander II., Carnot, the empress of Austria, the shah of Persia, and just now King Humbert, then such murder causes great surprise and indignation among kings and emperors, and those attached to them, as if these persons were the great enemies of murder, as if they never profited by murder, never took part in it, and never gave order to commit it. And yet the kindest of these murdered kings, such as Alexander II. or Humbert were guilty of the murder of tens of thousands of persons killed on the battlefield, not to mention those executed at home, while hundreds of thousands, even millions of people have been killed, hanged, beaten to death, or shot by the more cruel kings and emperors.

The doctrine of Christ annuls the law: "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth"; but men have always followed, and still follow this law to the most terrifying length. They do not even confine themselves to the principle: "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"; but order the murder of thousands of persons without any previous provocation, as e. g. takes place when war is declared; these men therefore have no right whatever to be indignant when this law is applied to themselves, and in proportion so small that a hundred thousand or perhaps even a million persons killed by order or with the approval of kings and emperors, there is scarcely one king or one emperor slain.

Kings and emperors should not be indignant when such murders as those of Alexander II. or King Humbert occur; but should on the contrary, be surprised that such murders are so rare, considering the continual and universal example of committing murder they themselves set the people.

The people, *en masse*, are so well hypnotized that they see what passes before their eyes without understanding its signification. They see how much care is taken by kings, emperors, and presidents for the discipline of the troops; they watch the reviews, manoeuvres, and parades which are organized by the former, and about which they boast to each other; they run to see their brothers clad in braided and motley costumes, the costumes of clowns, transform themselves at the sound of trumpet and drum into machines executing a simultaneous movement at the command of a single man, and they do not understand what it means. And yet the meaning

of these manoeuvres is very clear: they are nothing but preparations for murder.

It is to lull men to sleep in order to make them instruments for murder. And those who do it, who direct these preparations, who are proud of it, are kings, emperors and presidents. And is it these who, entirely occupying themselves with murder, making a speciality of it, always wearing military uniforms and murderous swords at their sides, are shocked and indignant when it is one of themselves who falls?

If the regicides commit murder under the influence of their feeling of indignation evoked by witnessing the sufferings of the enslaved people, for which sufferings they hold Alexander II., Carnot, or Humbert responsible, or by the personal feeling of desire for revenge, however immoral such person's conduct may be, still it is comprehensible; but how can an organized body of Anarchists* by whom, as it is now reported, Bresci was sent out, and by whom another emperor was threatened, how can it, quietly considering means of improvement of the condition of the people, find nothing better to do than to murder people, the killing of whom is as useful as cutting off one of the Hydra's heads?

The kings and emperors have long since established among themselves an organization analogous to the mechanism of those guns where one shell as soon as fired is replaced by another. The king is dead; long live the king! Why, then kill, him?

It is only to a superficial observer that the murder of these men can seem a means of salvation from the oppression and wars which carry off human lives.

It is sufficient to bring to remembrance that these oppressions and wars take place independently of these men who are at the head of the government—Nicholas or Alexander, Frederick or William, Napoleon or Louis, Palmerston or Gladstone, McKinley or some other—to understand that it is not such or such persons who cause oppression and war from which the people suffer.

The misery of the people is not caused by individuals, but by an order of society by which they are bound together in a way that puts them in the power of a few, or more often one man: a man so depraved by his unnatural position of having the fate and lives of millions of people in his power that he is always in an unhealthy state, and suffering more or less from a mania of self-aggrandizement, which is not noticed in him only because of his exceptional position.

Even without speaking of the fact that from their very childhood until their death these men are surrounded by the most foolish luxury and a constant atmosphere of lies and flattery; their whole education, all the instruction which they receive, is reduced to this single subject; to study past murders, the best means of the present time to murder and the best way to prepare for future murder.

* Tolstoi, living in Russia, where news penetrates with difficulty, evidently believed the bourgeois press, which attributed the individual act of Bresci to an organization of Anarchists.

J. T.

From their childhood they are taught murder under every possible form; they always wear instruments for murder—swords and sabres—they dress in different uniforms, have reviews, parades, manoeuvres, pay each other visits, present each other with decorations and regiments, and not only do not find a single man to call these things by their real name, to tell them that it is criminal and shameful to occupy themselves with preparations for murder, but on the contrary they see only enthusiasm on all sides. Crowds of people are always running in the streets every time they go out, at each of their reviews, greeting them with enthusiasm; and it seems to them that it is the whole people which is expressing its approval.

Therefore, it is not necessary to kill Alexanders and Nicholases, Williams and Humberts, but only to leave off supporting the social condition of which they are the product. It is the selfishness and stupefied state of the people who sell their freedom and their honor for insignificant material advantages, which supports the present state of society.

The persons who have a low place on the social ladder, brutalized as they are by a patriotic and pseudo-religious education, and incited on the other hand by their personal interest, cede their liberty and human dignity to those who are placed higher than themselves and who offer to them material advantages in exchange. Those who are placed on a somewhat higher step, find themselves in the same situation: under the influence of their brutishness, and especially in view of the material profits, they cede their liberty and dignity in the same way to the others. It is the same with those who hold a still higher place, and so it continues to the highest places—until we come to the persons or person at the top of the ladder. He has nothing more to acquire, is only influenced by one single motive: ambition and love of power; he is mostly so demoralized and brutalized by his power of life and death over others, and the flattery and the vamping with which he is surrounded that, while incessantly doing evil, he is convinced of achieving the welfare of humanity.

It is the nations themselves who, sacrificing their dignity to material profits, produce these men incapable of acting otherwise than they do; and the people get angry when these men commit stupid and bad acts. To kill them is the same as first to spoil a child and afterwards to beat it.

In order to have no more oppression, no unnecessary wars, in order that nobody more should think of becoming indignant at those who seem responsible and of killing them, but little seems to be needed. It will be sufficient that men understand the things as they are and call them by their real name, that they know the army to be an instrument of murder, and that the act of mustering and directing it—as is done by kings, emperors and presidents with so much self-confidence—is a preparation to murder.

It will be sufficient that every king, every emperor or president, understands that his

post in which he is charged to command the troops is not an important and honorable post, as the flatterers want to make him believe; but that it is low and degrading. It will be sufficient that every honest man understands that the payment of taxes used for the maintenance and arming of soldiers—and, especially, personal military service—are not indifferent acts, but at once wicked and shameful; because he who commits them, not only permits murder, but himself participates in it. Then the power of kings, emperors and presidents, a power which arouses our indignation and for which they are sometimes killed, will die out of itself.

If men do not yet act in this manner, it is only because of the hypnotic influence governments, for self-preservation, so diligently exercise on them. Therefore, we can contribute towards stopping people killing kings and each other, not by murder, murders only strengthen this hypnotic State, but by awakening from it.

This is what I have attempted to do in this short article.—Leo Tolstol.

Here and There.

"Students of the University of Chicago have raised a demand for more religion." Less religion and more knowledge would undoubtedly have a more beneficial effect on their brains and their posterity.

In Austria there are four Anarchist organs published in the Slavic languages: *Omladina*, *Novy Kult*, *Matica Slobody*, and *Hornik*, the latter having gained 3,500 subscribers in a few months. In March the first number of an Anarchist weekly is to appear in the same country. The comrades could have made no better response against the persecutions of the government, after the assassination of King Humbert.

As we go to press we learn that the *Revista Blanca* published a letter from Paris protesting against the arrest and detention of J. B. Olle, one of the Spanish comrades whom many will remember to have met with the others from Montjuich last spring. Our friend Marmol has also received a letter on the same subject and, needless to say, we unite with him in denouncing the persecution to which every comrade in France is now open. Yet we cannot say we are astonished, knowing the so-called French Republic to be today one of the most servile allies of reaction.—London *Freedom*.

One of the most interesting districts of Russia is the government of Vyatka, which is very fertile. In it is a well built town of about 2000 inhabitants, situated, so to speak, in the backwoods of Orloff. It knows neither big landlords nor nobles, and has not even a governor. There are no factories and no rich philanthropic merchants. Yet, there is established a high school for girls, and of the 200 who attend it, 190 are daughters of peasants. The fee is about \$1.50 per year, and

the board and attendance cost about 27 cents per month the meals being prepared from provisions supplied by the parents. There are other similar communities in Russia, and in all of them, although these communities are only about 30 years old, the people show more culture and comfort than those in which the schools are under the supervision of the government, as even the government officials admit in their reports.

A mayor of New York on the wealth-distribution sounds startling. But it has happened, and we cannot do better than quote his most forceful remarks, merely premising that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the violence of his language:

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, a former mayor of New York, has astonished a gathering in the Pro-Cathedral with an eloquent outbreak upon the unequal distribution of wealth. In a remarkable address, the speaker declared that while the national wealth has increased five times as much as the population, the rich have not even begun to do what they ought to do to ameliorate the condition of the poor. "If these terrible tenements," he said, "these overcrowded districts, these dark, foul dwelling-places, and their attendant miseries, must be associated with industry, then I would to God every industrial center could be destroyed. The rich are not giving, in proportion to their wealth, one-half of that which was given by their families a generation ago. Have they the right to take all this wealth and do nothing to correct the evils created in its production? If this is the result of our industrial development, our prosperity as a nation is purchased at a staggering price."

Whether the man is serious or a mere notoriety hunter we cannot say; but he has spoken some truths, and perhaps some will listen and learn. But we are quite sure it won't be the rich.—London *Freedom*.

There are not many instances of revolt in the present day; but when we hear of them it gives us fresh hope for the ultimate victory of humanity over its oppressors. The resistance of the Boers, the Filipinos and the Chinese to European and American invasion—with the object of exploitation—is all that could be desired so far as a check to the monstrous greed and cruelty of civilized nations is concerned. But we regard as having more significance all revolts against social injustice, economic oppression and the brutalities of militarism.

It is, therefore, encouraging to read of the Trient riots as being "a revolt against military brutality." "During the last week or two," says a correspondent of the *Morning Leader*, "there have been numerous assaults by armed officers on unarmed civilians. An Italian waiter in the Cafe Trientino, at Trient in the Southern Tyrol, was slashed on the head with a cavalry sword by a ruffianly officer to whom he had given no provocation whatever. He died of his injuries. An engineer, named Fogaroli, was attacked by two officers and maimed for life." The military authorities took no heed of all this; so, on Boxing Day, 4,000 persons attacked the headquarters of the military authorities at Trient. "The building was stormed and the doors and windows smashed by missiles. Attacks were then made on the private residences of several generals, who were forced to make

their escape through back windows. The police and gendarmery brought out to restore order, were swept away by the infuriated crowd, who made for the officers' club. The valiant officers turned down all the lights and fled, pursued by the rioters. Nevertheless, the club was entered and most of the furniture smashed. Order is now restored, but great bitterness exists between the civil and military population." We send our congratulations to the civil population of Trient. And this is the state of things some howling Britains, who "never will be slaves," would like to see established in England.—London *Freedom*.

Fifty thousand workingmen and women seek for work in vain and starve, in this city, while the public press howls prosperity.—*The Iconoclast*.

Literature.

Plain Words on the Woman Question. By Grant Allen. M. Harman, 500 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.

This is a criticism of what is called the "woman movement." The author complains that the adherents of this movement have taken a position entirely inadequate to the necessities of the case, in which he is probably correct; but his position is so untenable and based on such inadequate grounds that the pamphlet will be practically valueless as an agent for remedying the mistakes of which he complains. The burden of the whole essay is, that it is the duty of woman to bear children. This is her main function; and all her efforts and energies should be directed in a way so as to enable her to best fulfil it. The "woman movement" agitators ignore this "prime natural necessity." He seems to regard the fact that many women at the present time do not desire to bear children, as a rebellion against nature on the part of woman, due to the mistaken tendency of the "woman movement." The fact is, however, that it is nature's rebellion against the artificial conditions produced by man. Woman has no duties to the race. If the conditions are so unfavorable as to make it undesirable to bear children, it is the right of any woman to refuse to bear them, notwithstanding all ideas of "duty," and fears for the race. If the race can maintain itself only by imposing burdens upon woman, it has no right to exist. In a natural society, the bearing and rearing of children will be a pleasure to both sexes; and if the present "rebellion" of woman against bearing children for Moloch's maw will call attention to our terrible conditions, there is no cause for regret. Who does not applaud the women of France for refusing to continue to supply the army with cannon food? In this manner they did more to stop wars of conquest than the allied diplomats and statesmen combined; so the women of our time may do more than all the philosophical reformers of the world to free mankind. The pamphlet is concluded with remarks by E. C. Walker, who points out some of Grant Allen's errors, and greatly improves the work. ABE ISAAC JR.

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The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

For PHILADELPHIA.

There will be held for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY, the twentieth century Russian tea party, concert and ball, with Mmes. Barili and Staller and Sig. Giannini among the talent, on Friday evening, March 1, 1901, commencing at 7:30 p. m., at Pennsylvania Hall, Christian Street, below Eighth. Dancing till 3 a. m. Tickets 25 cents.

For CHICAGO.

The FREE SOCIETY SUSTAINING CLUB meets every Wednesday evening at 515 Carroll Ave. Subject for discussion February 13, "Is Socialism the Road to Anarchy?" Comrade Isaak will open in the negative. Those who represent the positive side are especially invited to attend. Every body welcome.

The Lake Street Elevated, Ashland Avenue Station, or any surface line crossing Ashland Ave. or Pauline street will take you here, which is one block east of Ashland Ave.

The Collapse of the Socialist Movement in Rumania.

The Socialist movement in Rumania, which of late years steadily retrogressed, collapsed completely; and it was brought about, as anywhere else, by the tactics of the ambitious leaders, in whom the workers had implicit confidence, and which the former betrayed by seeking to further their own personal interests. A few individuals, who through their culture and somewhat well-to-do situations became the arbitrary leaders of the Social Democratic Party, labored hard—though vain were their hopes—for the realization of their dreams, i. e. to become the ruling party of Rumania, and they the dignitaries of the Socialist government. But perceiving that their bubble was going to burst, because Rumania is not yet sufficiently developed industrially and in culture, much less are the proletarians en masse intelligent enough to know and to demand their rights, the leaders sought to introduce palliatives and silly innovations, instead of continuing to enlighten the proletarians and farmers. The result was the collapse of the party; and on its ruins they tried to build up another—the "National Labor Party."

In April, 1899, the leaders convened a congress for the purpose of organizing the National Labor Party, but utterly failed in their new scheme; for they had not the material to form such a party with. The intelligent proletarians understood their machinations, and, not desiring to become the tools again, kept aloof, and the remainder of their former adherents simply became totally indifferent.

Now these same would-be leaders, seeing what was against them, made common cause with their former enemies, the bourgeois parties, liberal and conservative, surnamed the whites and the reds.

After such wholesale desertion of the

members, and treacherous conduct of the leaders, it is no wonder that there is hardly any one left with energy and pluck enough to steer the completely wrecked ship, misnamed the "Socialist Party." But even this deplorable disaster was of some value. It convinced a good many of the Rumanian workingmen that it is futile to trust in leaders. It taught them that self-reliance is preferable to trust in others. It also taught them to cultivate the inner as well as the outer man, according to the advanced spirit of the times in which we live. It finally taught them to stand firm with energy and perseverance against the encroachments of the exploiting classes.

These comrades who were saved from the wreckage, have already begun to propagate, without being dictated to by leaders, more advanced ideas concerning the individual man: how to live his own life in his own way. They are also tearing off the mask of all conventionalities and prejudices, hoping in time to break the fetters of the subdued and enslaved. They recognize the right to life and liberty for all according to each individual's aspirations. FRANCIS RADICH.

A Wise Professor.

Prof. Hart of Harvard University says that if the people demand the burning of Negroes at the stake as a penalty for committing horrible crimes, the State should make burning the legal penalty. This will unquestionably pass down the ages as one of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century; it is befitting that such an outburst of wisdom should issue from a great institution of learning like Harvard. It shows that the loud-mouthed harangues of agitators, who would inflame the people's minds against their temples of knowledge, are all groundless—unreasonable.

My local pride arouses in me a feeling of regret that our own bright Kerosene University was not the mother of such an illuminating thought. At all events, I can assure the professor that a few more such outpourings will result in his being called here to occupy the chair of universal knowledge. And while waiting, I am speculating as to whether he would stand by his logic did the mob demand him for their calf-roast, instead of a Negro. J. F.

Chords.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To some the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel that there is no rod of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within—these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.—Hamlin Garland.

This government by injunction is the most absolute despotism and the most flagrant usurpation known to organized society. The power of the federal judges, as construed by themselves, is greater

than the constitution or the fundamental rights of men. It suspends the freedom of both speech and the press. It destroys individual liberty. It exceeds in pretention and in performance the exploded doctrine of the divine right of kings. No greater menace to our liberties could be devised than the federal judge's arbitrary assumption of omnipotence and infallibility.—The Social Democrat.

The Letter-Box.

D. C. Zibilin, Paris, France.—Remittance received. Your subscription expires with No. 342.

F. J. Oswego, N. Y.—Vol. III of *The Firebrand*, and all the volumes of FREE SOCIETY can be had for 75 cents each.

H. K., New York City.—The first issue of FREE SOCIETY in this city appeared last week; but you may not have received the same, for we have discovered that in the hurry and bustle a mistake was made, and one bundle that ought to have been addressed to New York City was distributed in this city. All those not having received the first issue, will receive it by dropping us a postal card stating the fact.

F. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—Comrade Morton's address is 1153 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

H. J. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—Nichts ist los. It naturally takes some time to remove a paper from one city to another so far apart as San Francisco and Chicago. But the paper will now be sent regularly.

Justice, Wilmington, Del.—Your name is on our exchange list. We are glad you are interested in our ideas, even though you do not accept them. A fair hearing is all we ask.

J. K., S. Manchester, Conn.—Letter and "greenback" received. Thanks. We are glad you like the paper in its present size; and if the comrades respond but half as liberal as you have, its success is assured. Greetings.

D. R., Columbus, O.—Fifty cents has been credited to your subscription, and remaining fifty will be forwarded to Comrade Govan, whose recent hold-up, we are pleased to note, you remember.

F. M., City.—Such objections as yours often come to light, each thinking himself the original objector. When you will produce some argument to prove your assertion that the majority must or could rule, we will then discuss the matter with you in FREE SOCIETY. Meanwhile we would ask if the majority rules, what becomes of the few elected for that purpose?

RECEIPTS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Snow, \$1.25. Herlinger, Hirschfield, Haering, Huling, Hallbeck, Watton, each \$1. Maisel, Larson, Krapohl, Harter House, each 75c. Haase, Wiebe, Mott, Rosenberg, Shiftan, Finegold, Barnett, Clarkson, Ehrlich, Greenberg, Morwitz, Hirschberg, Ribuffo, Rich, Maupassant, Metzko, Jackson, Radich, Walter, Rice, Porter, Sersky, Segall, Severino, Aron, Mohnen, Mussatto, Rothstein, Hallstein, Huss, Roberts, Behrman, Lando, Stein, Kusupian, Siegel, each 50c. Bordigan, Buckman, Goodman, Fassst, Vaughan, Abel, Kotler, Hagen, Hermining, Kabak, Johnoff, Denison, Leikin, Saloff, each 25c. Harris, 20c.

DONATIONS. — Sanger-Bund, Pittsburgh, \$10. Group, Spring Valley, Ill., \$3.28. Cairns, \$2. Jorgensen, Adelstein, An Editor, Baginsky, each \$1. Nold, 75c. Huss, Gandler, Peeche, each 50c. Butch, 35c. Rudolph, Geier, Heinze, each 25c.

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